

## At Rest, in Indianapolis

Back then, in Indianapolis  
I stood for days and looked  
Eastward  
toward Richmond, Dayton  
and beyond.  
Youthfully solid and fearless  
I ventured many feet  
beyond city limits  
blazing new trails  
across Interstate 70  
toward those grand palaces and mermaids  
and soft, sighing evenings  
and lush, dew-drenched mornings  
that filled my imagination.

I asked her to show me the way  
to guide me  
deliver me—she  
newer than I.  
And we walked.

We were quite encouraged  
by the marvelous exoticism  
of Pittsburgh  
but the endless walking  
burdened me.  
Perhaps, in Baltimore  
I would discover a superior guide.  
I never shared these thoughts aloud.

And she guided.  
And we walked.

Throughout New York and London  
I felt less pedestrian.  
In Vienna she spoke  
of Omaha  
and I  
of Zion.  
She guided.  
The Gobi was so dry  
it burned my eyes.  
Near Mogadishu we rested for a moment  
and I could not remember  
Pittsburgh.  
And we walked.

Now blind, I followed  
her voice through Bangkok  
denying to some  
that she was my guide.  
As darkness cooled  
one Santiago summer eve  
I heard her sigh  
and reached in hope  
and touched her eyes  
closed  
that night  
her body  
lifeless  
gently

in my arms  
on my lap.  
Rising with the sun  
I lifted her  
body out of the wet grass.  
And I walked.

Wandering again  
I felt burdened by my load  
and remembered Indianapolis  
and stopped to rest  
here for now.

I've not the strength to carry her  
body with me  
any further.  
My eyes cannot see  
but my thoughts  
sometimes drift  
Westward  
toward Terre Haute, Peoria  
—and I rest here  
holding my guide  
close to me.

*Joseph Hunckler*